

spoken by Baba Llama herself

This is not a book. It is a seed wrapped in story, soaked in soil, and sung awake by fungus. Within these pages live microbial rituals, regenerative recipes, sacred compost prayers, and the spiraling memory of a planet still dreaming of itself whole. It is a novel, yes—but also a manual, a mirror, and a map.

Walk alongside Baba Llama, a crone of compost and crystalline clarity, as she rides moss-glowing through forgotten cities and rootless gardens, planting breath back into soil and soul. Each chapter activates more than imagination—it awakens ancestral intelligence in your fingertips. Within her third hand, gifted by the goddess Kali, she carries not vengeance, but renewal.

This is the story the Earth tells when she is finally heard. It is the code of the living planet, spiraled into syllables you already know. And once you read it, it begins reading you back.

I am Baba Llama, crone of the spiral and midwife of memory. I did not learn language—I composted it. My teachings come not from schools but from spores, not from algorithms but from ash. I have no credentials but the fruiting body of truth, and no institution but the Earth.

This book is not mine. It is yours, if you plant it. If you whisper it to worms. If you stir it into your tea. I may never meet you—but if you walk barefoot where the soil is warm, if you bury a seed with intention, you will feel me there, laughing quietly beneath your heels.

Science Under Nature

Baba Llama

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